Three Banished Trees

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buying sandals

The driver will give me a broken record tooth revival chain
It will be mixed in with the grin and the grain and commotion
drying like salt left out on the doctor's lawn in air of Uphaliday,
cosmetic, dreaming of summer passions where the animals tread

the chauvinism of dancing barefoot as if the sand could not tell
toss your marriage certificate into the light of flame breathing woodlands
welcome your silent passenger like a furnished home made just for you
never stop buying sandals for your older sister who helped to raise you

do not forget the Earth like it is a jewel pardoned from your memory
your family no different than a family in a refugee camp, an ethos of unity – remember
passivism is a disguise wore by many but it is cowardice in the trench
it is a selective hypocrisy, we each have our selling point, just so rarely
is it each other – remember to buy sandals for those sisters among the world
while your pockets do not carry enough food or water, you can at least die for them

Constructs of southern coats of arms on the diamond-ash rain-stations

seeking cover from the tight rope of a place in the marginal station
conceived once as promised by an oath, now degrades under scale
matted perception torn as a palace of being our neighbors stake –
just to give enough room to be, to allow for expression, shifts aside
according to who has procured comforts beyond their needs
a tight rope, to seal the greed of tornado runs on a land bestowed –
without climbing riders of fathers and mothers of passive guilds
the charm of the fumes of corrupt storied ports will seethe into us
leaving us undaunted to take the blame for Earth's robbed envy

Cumbersome arrangement of ships

gainsaying recursive timed activity –
for God's green pastureland

cleaned on sorrow, shelter for reason,
customs for reliant matrimony

peace on the doctor's ailing wealth,
like a door that never shuts
or fractured front and back, rhyming,
on imbued doctrine of wasted lock papers
cistern documentation for sharpened malignancy
docking at the pattern of the neighbor's tinged anger

there in the doctor's clothed hands we never forgot
how we were left at his or her mercy
like a country to a tyrant's weapons
misinformation rattles the saturated watch

this musical piece, a cumbersome arrangement
it instills the battle to hear the subconscious signature

the fracture of nosediving goats on the damning first coast rain

predaceous radial clock family manufacturer humming Four Tops
where once there was the trauma of marriage and abuse
wearing the gardening gloves of deleterious misfit enchanters
his body an expression of tainted needs or corners that have left
espresso resting at the corner on the crackled blue overhead porch
the first break did not stop the minor second or the major third
open two chairs and a plastic table perfect for father's whiskey
the broadcasting of thoughts swallowing the spine of speech

or the children's quarter bags or mother's re-plantings of roses
the unexpected surfacing trauma in the witnessing of a plague
and trials, this weathered porch was the envy of the street,
always remembering father's canvasing and blaming his ex
one of the sharpest in the tailor park, "no one got hurt"
assumed he could give consent, she was guilty of not getting help
"in those walls, that's for sure," they assumed, misdirecting
the yelling never stopped like a wheel within a wheel

the absence of cop visits for no familial abuse and no
youth to adulthood always left him at the mercy of those angry
as no doctor did ever pause the control that would lead
to God's trials that gave him symbols that made sense of this or
a life of disability, no adult, no council member,
his love not meant to be placed in the heart of another,
no clergy, rabbi, or priest ever found time to intervene
one more calculating father or lover or doctor taking control, free
from suspect, "Keep on loving me / Bernadette, keep on needing me /
Bernadette" – the goats are barking at the fomenting Alcatraz night

the minor second when he met her, the major third in the end of it
she took years from him with the authority of a farther taking life
time placed flat on its belly never to soak in the damning rain coast –
being a flippant nosedive into the worldly cafe as the pilot monitored wed dens,
soft adjoined falsetto trials into our new chisel-spoken, riled, careful, thin steps

dirt road diplomacy

the falling seeds
are not frightened
of the reality that they meet

the family in textile manure
seeks to soften the blow with rest
quietly resenting the pledged rain

like a courtroom scene
all too common and deliberately unkind
with dirt road diplomacy

drinking the wine of asphalt memories
trickling along a sheath noon
and perhaps a great pleasure to God's
mistaken tools of aggregate disclosure
in defense of broken lapping songs
and triathlon strategy of sapped agreement

"you're our of uniform, commander," sings
the judge, jury, and oblate prosecution

"excuse me," describes the witness,
"I thought there was no stalling of the stroke"

the tide of grass embers grows slow (burned books)

a dozen fires put out, maybe more
through the scope of power and charm
eliminations and parted love, delving
the tide grows slow by day each day
salvaged creation-truncated organ pipes
matter and sycophantic scansion
bending trees with elemental brush
dotting along the finer texts's cremation
passively knowing the green embers
the texture of the sated, chord-less velocity

Surfacing Elephant

having spent six years in almost too deep water
towed down with clothes on in black night
in the seventh year the sun starts to shine
clarity starts to find me out and I see the enemy
he is reflected in the pairing of my mind
my body rests emotive peeling him off me
I use my legs to push against the wet shell
it is attached to my back like a second skin
the simultaneous acts of surfacing and shedding
the six-year-midnight will take a while to leave
the fresh thought of the new year, the new sun
I find I am changed, the same, and here for a reason
no reason is unique or contrasts special meaning
just another milestone on the record of ladders

Paraphrasing God’s Copse

burial bringing the holt in shrub crowds
of comparative wood sailing, all a ghost,
to the transient tree lands of Germany

copse encounters along savored, lied,
twin trials that dictate collective shearing

there was no last dismissal, not fiber clothe
rattle along or towards me fixated wings
just the paraphrases of God’s legitimacy
standards like the continuous rise of daylight

we make do
we make do

capturing shadows in the dark of night
posing for God’s para-ontological canvas

Cat Clyde is Going to Change the World

universes come and go
across the oceans we know
art as revolution
revolution, that being listening
to the nature of others
the sound of conflict resolution
carrying the burden is the folk blues
brass distilled industrial microphone
that tells us how to be ourselves
with each other

the whales of circumstance
all built up to her speech
the very movement of speech
Cat Clyde will change the world
in time, the sound will glide
our selves in time with the back
tears of cages let loose
neighbors giving birth
nations crying
knowing what we have done
bring the felony to the dove
the armed forces home to seat

Fuller of possible worlds

a dispelled fuller of cloth
pretends not to like the supply
the issuer of milk and coffee
disputes with the solitary pipes
guardrails dismissing the last grain
toast and mesmerizing age of monarchs
recalled joint session with the police
how great is this bet of possible worlds

Yesterday’s Obstructed Cloud

correspondence or balance,
the ashtray is delicate with dust,
combustible like a favored saint,
one can see the day coming –
there is an indication that’s clear

exhuming, digging out, ploughing
long distracted, an agitated testimony,
good health is note of pasture honor
you will never trap or see words of lungs,
natural agents, too dismissive of light

do not look back, packing, scaling
the wilderness stains of August stints,
“is it over,” we have not the distance
to know if rapidity will distract thought,
imagination coiled like a pleasing scent

pillars allowing disabled surface standing,
sober and hungry, and close to heaven,
there is no deification like the grouping
hole of yesterday’s obstructed cloud,
light and lonely, pummeled and proud

Authority of the few obfuscates the sitting wealth of the many

Pick up the facial expression for the equipped special forlange,
they are a seasoned bastion of joy and conjoined command,
commenced in a communal parlance and alter pasture,
dinner in Calabria tuning stock over-packed garage stays,
like Mount Carmel feeding Enoch translated on voyage dispersed,
on trans-scopes of corners not vacant or fast, influenced – wasted
like troops in the valley adopted on duality of discourse of Caleb,
like the armies of masters and the patronage of a few in the valley of murder,
packed up stations from the warming special, never known,
never hurled or bitter or sworn to the enemy, for we
were once kinds of kings ourselves.

It all started with an ancient people and one lone individual, lost in circles,
lost in language, lost in logic, who could see the shapes of things until finally
that became repeated, like clockwork of the imagination, and until finally that became
expanded upon and then finally canon. He was an artist – stolen partitions annulled,
and after he died that of the emblems of his marking became gold, fabled stations,
until they became nothing, his image too sacred to be shown,
not anymore, too deified to be shown to the greatest of these,
never made a salvation to anybody left at the mercy of those in power.

Now the very idea of him a security deposit to keep the wealthy
strong and those without at the bottom of strategic line of societal
structures, like absent Gods on the wind falls on the dulcimer unfurled.
Now disparity is the God of millions. And the very structure of life’s dishonor.

barrow of patience

There are horses in the ash tree
picking apples until morning
our favorite guest downs carapace
like escaping weather on the jolly fern
now I have become one of them
never to lose sight of them
but to protect the wither blanket Steller’s Jay
like a nest in the barrow of patience

Escaping Capital

escaping the curtains of capital, images fleshed out in our minds
like towns and city planner parkways like doctrine, like control phasing
donkey hull parking asphalt trees condoning the one you love at last
you have pleased capital with marriage; weddings, gangsters, governments,
all approving you paying the entry fee, for dogs in carriages and children,
red wine for supper salaciousness just a parked key on the bread crust

a diner on the fixed prince of sails met with interior mops never read
never looked at, never believed, but then you conceive, and the wait,
the wait, the fee quadruples in light, candles to scare away the money,
for once we were hearing meaning, here for a message, now a door seized
partitions the growing lax together; you were carefully tied into this chain
letter of a deceiving proposition in kind where scathing confusion feeds

the Navy’s arms drunk on tailored failure

there are cursory Redeemer notes on the bunker
by the ashtray gloss fountain
separated only by the dust of war
and the oppression they are fighting for
soldiers without a conscience,
delineating circumference shadows like stalk seedlings
once more we are under this hoping equation
of a salutary cock gripping mask-invasion
denoting the weathered tired that tread
on lonely islands where the dogs of life lay

flash cards form her language, God projects
we were meant to protect, but we are all failed states
like marriage that could not stand stress
like conflict without the resolution
from South Carolina to Maryland to DC
dead dogs measure the weight of pulls and throws
from time’s disappointed music
God calmly informs us that we have failed
never meeting the measure of the Gift
that we were given, but we tossed it
all like arms drunk on tailored fetish

never sell another person’s gifts
and do not sell the land, or careful measures

Cat Clyde burns the reeds of wildfowl passages

the sore rally space beats with its heart in the hands of seismic doctors
nodding off to sleep without that shown heart-space, trailing eyes
where family is long in the constant subconscious easterlyways
donning a spell of tragic and the brightest gift of them all, fini
like a spoiled, rattled, dramatized allocation of doves and the right Earth
try to continue the rhythm without his hand, cool wind reaches will
towers on the gifted saints like all the bridged differences standing still

when the White House asked to interpret my coalesced dream payments

Down among the days, a breathing mask and the stolen solicitor's Branch
turning to the appointment maker, the fawns are partial days, the thoughts are accordions
with misplaced tea leaves wrapped in congenital likening posts that fit coordinating
matches that with polite sticks do not meet-the-people or tread on birds unannounced
until the appointment maker measures my coat and sends me on my way, igniting laughter in Concord

"Did you have a pleasant task," God asks
She is impeding my memory of the night by the fire of absolutes
"Do I have to tell you about the town with two men that fought for misplaced jewelry?"
God closes her eyes and pretends not to meet mine, like she is now sad for me
"One day you will find your own," She stated, and the turned to allow
to make all the mistakes that life has made available, just a dung fly on the bark of a tree
this is where the ritualistic people meet, too remorseful to take a day away from parting relay
a mock up of the droning sound of air in the space between villages and aim to correct it

Next week the appointment maker will pardon the dark
lifting the treason of vacuuming repetition
"Do I mention this in class?" the appointment maker wonders
having caught the first illness of misunderstanding
and destroyed art for the sake of ego
radiating in the gold of holistic co-pays
capitalism misinterpreting illness all along

the waters of God pretending to be Hackensack plays

terror lists St. Jules a passenger
beneath the piercing eyes of metropolis
the antagonistic leaves beat against the chest of the birch tree
warming to microwave of leftover cabbage and spoiled grilled cheese
where the waters of God leave fetters unasked for

Untitled (as so named by God)

loud entryways domesticated on loans
where the circumference is a partition
casually a nationwide repentance, seizing
wealth given up, emotive dining
just to live is something to repent for
saturated calves combine with your fighting mind
the waves of the mourners are cryptic

drowning magazines hooked on soldiers's front
the passion of a moment's unexpected adulation
like disguises that wed the other side of day
broken windows triangulating the new nest
the shadows of passion did not die trite
the fabrication of vision is not the crest of our park

dying to find the matter of time
requesting a moment for the great dubbing ocean
capturing one second of the weeks of nationwide grievance

signing-post returns the rain

temple congregants babble glass in the auteur sky
rhythmic triad scandalized gant war briefed territory
smiles of arch angles on summer roads mussing placid safeguards
stomachs and distribution, half of the year now, admonished splendor
tailing embellished rotary signing-post accomplishments, free of guilt
closing to be truth of the appetite to a remonstrance walk's street vendor's unharmed profit
safe family outings where the pain always subsides, ableist and aware
until the sky returns to rain glass on the sophisticated ivy dues of strategy ties
where the light went, if it was ever present, no, we in pain already know
hallelujah for quicksand speech, and the monochromatic pattering essays of the day

Do not make a widow or take a house

To fertilize with the vertebrates
mythical colloquialisms denying chores
like a stomach virus all impeding tracts
along storyform and storm shutters catastrophe

all refining tools for the neck of the bladder
done with drowning Orange-winged Amazons
time like an amplified and breached lake of heat
trembling imperial palms dancing with aged parents

by the time Isaac frees the citizenry
that did not steal a house or make a widow
for God that will be the self-something
I know He/She/They cares

New Sailor

We watched the poems of March dissipate
across long laundry estates, trembling
laughter in her blue eyes like two trains
where did the ancient birds first realize
they could flatten their masts,
and take to the sea air like garden states
like familiar pies on great uncle’s porch
something we have forgotten,
but grace brings us to it

Prince of Alcatazatic Plastic Military Monarch

“Good mornin’, General.”
“Today we will take all the plastic across this district, this district, and this unprotected town.”
“Very good, General. I’ll prepare the team and the equipment.”

A single light shines on the General now that the Prince has left. Darkness surrounds him.

“No one knows. Not even the Prince. I will lay the land bare and desolate. I will capture the goodness of every heart and make it fold into itself until it is hate for their neighbors. Here I sing. For I am the plastic King.”

What an honor

We pride ourselves on school brush stationary
like pipes in the tornado that killed Owen

the too soft banquet for forest endowed pawns
drinking over the edge, talking about might

like a soprano on a desk pretending
when we all know the consequences
and we all thought we would walk away

the road of seeds of tasteless hammers

the trees are tasteless today
or so wagers the dream walking
calling out my name like a psalm,
but not as a loaded word
the socks mock my enthusiasm for blight,
only seeing trim for the trees
and the masks home says who is tasting
like parched honey they scorch their leaders
pretending not to be a hassle
pretending not to be in on the news
for apricot shrugs and titillating hammers
the day is stamped, timed, and allotted
the worst part is we lost the parrot
among the open luggage shutters on the plane

“ther as the nyght”

- *Rawlinson holding the skull of monarchism*

Seen among the Bodleian English oak
there stands the remnant of the U.S. invasion
distribution and kingly affairs among the cast off
wading in the absinthe tint of prairie dreams
fantastical methods and memories for denied mountain gods

Where we are casually at rest with the moon
while the administration coaxes European totalitarianism
permission to bomb Lebanon
like a dismissed parking ticket
hearts are breaking on the vision shore
the ontology of grandfathers never vacant
denote the lost path of meteored poli-archs

Keep Prepared for Tomorrow and Be Prepared to Share

They do not mind taking apart your watch
while they may know it is not for them to keep.
They do not care about the condition it is in upon return.
They knew they were not experts, that did not stop them.
They had no experience assembling a watch, but they did not care.
March ghosts glimmer in lowering the standard.
The only matter of success is an article or two.
Too much in love with shock and awe of counter-leadership
to be our redeemers, all the world tells the truth,
we do not need them. Samizdat is a community action,
make a leader in a hall, only standing, to the day believing us.
We will see the quick social media leaders of today betray us
to the lust of careerism, at any cost, no matter how counter-balanced.

When the time comes, take action,
secretly, safely, and in keeping that secret
only known to a few trusted people.
Stock up. Learn what you will really need,
do not be an amateur, and most importantly
stock up to share. Not everyone will be prepared.
Your neighbors will need emergency rations,
among other supplies, charge up credit cards.
Weigh out the water over the art. And then
the art over the intent. When the bombs
start landing on the East Coast, you,
you will be a teacher and a guide.
The community will be all that is left.

once and foremost

It gives me no pleasure to write this poem

depravity surrounds us
until we consume it
capital internalized

the television is a viper
signing checks on your heart
always asking you to leave yourself

now the math parts
and Elijah no longer eats salads
the meat on the bone
will be the disfavored
once and foremost

[for the line “and Elijah no longer eats salads” see my older poem, “A tomato is also a love apple”]

Free Palestine

betrayal and sun-letting

where this pen relaxes
it is not writing time
or an aberration of distilled triumph
nor the tenth of twelve signs
numerating injustices like a disguise
we will not be believable
in transient history, or children's books
just another unenlightened period
casually filling in the guts of May
like fiber tool arachnids
dancing to betrayal and sun-letting

The cries of bitterns

The cries of bitterns trolling amphibians
across the interstellar booms of war
neither to recycle or recount the old guard,
belligerent at his health, along the coast

Regulation stands where Christian soldiers
pronounce a new deportment of treasury
under dramecritics like prairies rusting
aglobe with cistern waves of evolvent repetition

The seaside tribes of flailing soldiers
demanding an egress of dramatic realism
like tall standing fish to an emblem tide,
stretching for the last sands of the subletting fire

“Thank you for your service,” secretes
the mocking crow, forever watching, waiting
for vanishing moments to tend to the sheaths
of the war’s bitter end, undefended or enjewelled

The memory is everything of angels and tort bearings woven in crystal glass and trash

fruitful bodies of Damocles
catching the end with binds
and immeasurable weight
now tolerant to swim
with tailored humpback
whales at sixes

haven’t gone fishing in a while
during this discourse
would you meet me halfway
between here and the screen
like a paper house

to a boiling state of prepared noise
do not ask us again to part retreat
we did not want to be the burden
of reality

grateful for the shadows that the moonlight conceived

Tending to constructed objects
like reasons that make the movement
appealing to the night
while dancing on class horses
seizing all injunctive and barely ratifying
regression at one note from sifting
ocean threats reconciled like roads
that part on paths in your sincere mind
tales of strategic chivalry
everyone looks down
hugging the moonlit night
grateful for shadows
or the carpentry of parsed weddings
mending frames for arranging steps
to tackle broken rocking chairs
in a cave that was misplaced by God and covered
where the diamonds are naked and unnamed
brush your fretting shoulders across the room
do not look down, lift your face across this great scene
with your sisters in the down-pouring rain, unbelieved
grateful for the shadows that the moonlight conceived

to be the grace of the inclined tune of speech

remorseful in my attempts to pacify the conscience of the world
this Earth does not deserve You, but could, by only Your own willingness
I have seen and heard You as male and as female, I know You are neither
You are proclaiming Yourself as a mother/father to the Earth-riddled places

that we hide ourselves, parched and inharmonious, but to You
I understand, You value our agency as well as our vulnerability
have I lost it all to be able talk to You? You Yourself said I was never
meant to write poetry, what a different life You must have had in mind

some years ago I swore to write a thesis for You that captured a sensible adage
I achieved it somewhat, under the wrong God, but the same sentiment
that these songs might have the ability to soothe You, so You said, I do not know
how that it possible, but I believe You, I believe in Your time beside me

sariliche closing of dominant castellan room service

bedding in Paris, like the warm mule of scattered concepts
denoting an equivalent where price tags are too high
food screaming in the pot like a clocked-in railway station
“Events are running scared,” She said to me, somberly
“What else can I dream to?” I replied like a rattle snake
do not talk back to God and do not drink the juice, knowing
God probably killed an angel...What if they find us here?

There is a tauted number on the stirring, bespoke holiday

tree limb whims through orphaned pearls like prayers
for bayonets and Soft Grove St. organizing
and did we not hear a whisper,
soft and quiet as it was a certain voice
in the middle of the eclipsed weight drowning
past oppression and around the necks of the disparaged
clowns, receptacles, violent restoration of mother glue worms;
totalitarianism paths like aspirating whales at the dentist
gleaming forth those orphaned pearls, where the waste does flicker,
but not without unique revenge and misplaced plaques
showering dressed and hesitant like glass sweat
at the mercy of cordial horns, blowing across the personal alley,
potent, and a manul sky-scraping rattle-horn taken abreast
like broken suns dancing at the wedding and paralyzing the guest list
so that only Branch pane siblings enter and the morning creases down

Where are the conscientious objectors in this free form body of services?

the word “where” can be interpreted as an unfettered soul
where does that leave the word “at” at, whispered Cat Clyde,
touring beside the radio bus on Helm St. like a locust partially strained
meters from the stillness, from the narrow bundle, startling a heart
like parted fiscal trailways, closer than segments of thought
each could not exist without being connected to the last

just where do these elective souls go? conscientious objectors
by legal terms, but soldiers still in name, pardoning their paths
like blazing turtle doves in pain, scratching the surface of the new
planet – where will “at” be at under a romanced entryway, cosmetic
damage at worst, with their loss, with their removal, where
the “where” is at; the central thesis, the alleyway of proper thought
Cat Clyde evokes Lead Belly, “tear the system down,” like prayer
songs that did not deny the transgressions of one individual on a path

Pilgrimage to Oil Fields

Pilgrimage to desolate forests
One worker and odd math
Pardoned magic like mercy for siblings
decanted souls on the edge of fences
on screens with skin and salt in HD
touching the Right like a snort of cake
dribbling a heart attack across the field
never pardoning their neighbor for tall grass
love is an empty enterprise under capitalism
real love is in the back seat drinking
milk and mildew hollering at the ocean
will oil bring their lives back?
will an extra $2.00 in your pocket for gas
lead to the salvation of the saved and the guilty?
Thank God for oil and comets and dead dinosaurs.
God was a combustible engine all this time.

A Nation’s Cherry Blossoms

with tags and documentation
with luggage for two nights
mezzo-soprano and tenor
the chance of clasping chains
designated in offshore accounts
like door-master wedding stocks
brought in the uniform frenetic
of staring at the dead on screens
like cherry blossoms, holistic ground
in place of breasts with gut strings
once again we will not be eagles
death tourists with passion fruit tea

Harmony of Removed Spaces – The Propaganda of Palantir

fountain gymnastics on the sacrificial lamb
for guns and ammo and spring traps
like mattresses made from Turkish wool
reified like grapes and cheese and bread
fruit of domestication with the doldrums
of death's march formed ahead

there is no spring board or calculation
that seizes its journey like lost journals
but only partial witnesses for obligation
for a cause worth dying for, trying for
like an immaculate mother's bosom
trications from the milk of three
doused in the harmony of removed spaces
with telephone lines that wither towards

snow tracks of parsimony of Palantir
preaching the humanities are dead
in attempt to protect their assets
to cover their crimes, to blind,
war criminals always claim the truth
as an inferior scientific benefit
to humanity, of justice, of rights,
the mountain goat lifts aprons
to escape mass murder charges
the delicate windpipe sailing
like a drift among the tall sea
and the wailing bond frightening